

PRESS CENSORSHIP OF ENGLAND BECOMING MORE STRINGENT AS WAR PROGRESSES

Laughable Situations Brought About by Rules—Troubles of Correspondents and Editors—Stirring Stories From the Front. Naming the English Babies—Little Stories of London in War Time.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, October 15, 1914.

GRADUALLY the press censorship in England is becoming more stringent, and now it has reached such a point that many of the newspaper editors and proprietors are seriously considering resigning all their correspondence from the continent and relying on the official bulletins altogether for the news of the war. As things are at present thousands of dollars are being absolutely wasted on telegraph tolls, for no one can tell when he is telegraphing whether or not the censorship will have issued some new regulation that makes all that he has telegraphed useless.

The latest order, issued the other week, decreed that nothing must be printed from the seat of war referring to anything that has happened within five days previously or within twenty miles of the front. Accompanying this was an order that any analysis of the official reports or speculations on the military situation must be submitted to the censor before publication.

This order was aimed at the military

experts, who have been explaining the campaign from day to day to their readers. There is no doubt that this order, at least, is fully justified, as some of the experts have been drawing on their private knowledge of British strategy in a way that might have made their articles very useful to the Germans if they had reached them.

This is particularly true, the writer is told, in the case of one expert who has been for years in the confidence of the war office and whose articles bear the stamp of authority. Some of them recently have been amazingly informative and some time ago he was warned by the authorities to be more careful.

The net is being tightened, too, around

the correspondents who have been working in the rear of the allied armies in France, and they are being rounded up and sent home under parole not to reveal anything that they have heard or seen. One of these men, who returned a couple of days ago, had stumbled quite by accident into the French headquarters, and he had an exciting time. He was taken at first for a German spy and was for some time in danger of being shot. Finally he convinced the French general that he was a newspaper correspondent and was ordered to be detained. He was kept in a hotel for two days and very well treated, but closely guarded, until he was allowed to return home.

He was then allowed to return home on giving his pledge to keep his

mouth shut and not to return to France for six months.

One of the greatest British shipowners has been working night and day since the beginning of the war as a volunteer at the war office in connection with the transport of troops. A few days ago Kitchener sent for him and asked him if he could send at once two of his ships which were at Vigo to St. Nazaire. He replied at once that he could and telegraphed within five minutes to his captain to place himself at the disposal of the military authorities. The next day a much flustered officer of the transportation branch burst in on him and wanted to know why, in the name of many things, his captains refused to move until they received his instructions. One of the chief officers of the bureau is a former newspaper proprietor and editor, although he is not now connected with the press. He is a newspaper representative with a story of surpassing interest from the front, which clearly contravened nearly all the rules of the censor.

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Another story concerns the death of Geoffrey Pearson, the son of Lord Cowdray of Mexican oil fame. His name has not yet appeared in the casualty lists, but one of the official dispatches contained an account of the gallantry of a motor cyclist scout who dashed right into the zone of fire six times in one day to observe the accuracy of the range of the British guns. The Germans did their best to hit him and on one occasion his machine was blown from under him, but he escaped injury and regained the British lines. The last time, however, a German shell blew both man and machine to bits. The brave motor cyclist was young Pearson, who volunteered for the dangerous work at the outbreak of the war.

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Among those who are doing very well out of the war is the British branch of the Standard Oil Company. The British army and navy are using immense quantities of oil and petrol and the Anglo-American is supplying nearly all of it. This is due to its determination to take no undue advantage of the situation. Its great competitor, which boasts of being an all-British company, although it is closely connected with the great German oil combine, tried to screw up prices and its directors, although it is closely connected with Winston Churchill's first lord of the admiralty, as "patriots at a price." A high official of the Anglo-American tells me that his company's sales since the beginning of the war have been just double those of the corresponding period last year.

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Santiago is a city of many churches and schools. Full religious tolerance is granted, and the Protestants have their missions and churches and schools in different parts of the republic. Roman Catholicism is the state religion and the church receives a large subsidy from the government. The most of the people are Catholics, and that church is extraordinarily rich. It owns in Santiago alone property to the amount of \$100,000,000 in gold. It has some of the best business blocks, and the whole of one side of the plaza, which is the center of the business section, belongs to it. It has thousands of rented houses and acres of stores. It owns haciendas outside the city upon which wines and other products are raised, and it has a large estate for sale. Nearly all of the church property is controlled by the archbishop, although the bishop has a large number of different church organizations, male and female. The Carmelite nuns of this city are said to be the richest body of women in the world.

The Chile of today has excellent newspapers. It has altogether about seventy dailies and more than 200 weeklies and semi-weeklies. There are a hundred different persons called issued here in Santiago, the chief of which is the Mercurio.

The capital and Valparaiso, and it is published both morning and evening. Like the New York Herald, it is also a big Sunday issue including features similar to those of our metropolitan dailies, but it is still in the office in Santiago, with a counting room that looks more like the rotunda of a cathedral than the ordinary place for transacting such business. It belongs to Don Augustus Edwards, one of the richest men of Chile, and at present minister from this country to Great Britain. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

mouth shut and not to return to France for six months.

One of the greatest British shipowners has been working night and day since the beginning of the war as a volunteer at the war office in connection with the transport of troops. A few days ago Kitchener sent for him and asked him if he could send at once two of his ships which were at Vigo to St. Nazaire. He replied at once that he could and telegraphed within five minutes to his captain to place himself at the disposal of the military authorities. The next day a much flustered officer of the transportation branch burst in on him and wanted to know why, in the name of many things, his captains refused to move until they received his instructions. One of the chief officers of the bureau is a former newspaper proprietor and editor, although he is not now connected with the press. He is a newspaper representative with a story of surpassing interest from the front, which clearly contravened nearly all the rules of the censor.

What is the use of bringing me this?" he asked; "you know I can't pass it."

"I know," was the reply, "but it is a good story."

"Yes," said the censor, "it is too good a story to kill. But don't take this as a precedent."

Among the stories which the correspondents are bringing back from the front is one, that in some of the British trenches on the Aisne the soldiers are fighting stark naked. They have been up to their waists in water for days and in many cases the men preferred nothing on to wearing soaked clothing, and threw their uniforms away.

Another story concerns the death of Geoffrey Pearson, the son of Lord Cowdray of Mexican oil fame. His name has not yet appeared in the casualty lists, but one of the official dispatches contained an account of the gallantry of a motor cyclist scout who dashed right into the zone of fire six times in one day to observe the accuracy of the range of the British guns. The Germans did their best to hit him and on one occasion his machine was blown from under him, but he escaped injury and regained the British lines. The last time, however, a German shell blew both man and machine to bits. The brave motor cyclist was young Pearson, who volunteered for the